

JOHN BULL AND HIS CALVES;

Address to a Mother,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD;

AND

REFLECTIONS ON PASSING EVENTS.

(Printed for Private Circulation only.)

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In addition to the writings of Sir Brenton Halliburton, already published, there are several which it was thought would not prove uninteresting to some of his friends, and which are issued in this form, for private distribution. One is a humorous article written previous to the Canadian rebellion, with serious notes appended; another contains a few touching thoughts on the death of a Grandchild; and the third is a Poem on "Passing Events," written by him when over eighty years of age.



## John Bull and his Calves.

(Written Previous to the Canadian Rebellion.)

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ALL the world have heard of John Bull ; some of his Calves have made a little noise too. John had a fine drove of thirteen of them in a large pasture to the westward of the Lake which divides his estate, and as he had been put to a great deal of trouble and expense in fencing the pasture and keeping Master Frog's folks from devouring the stock and destroying the herbage, he thought when the Calves had grown up, that he was entitled to a portion of their milk. The tenants on this part of the Farm did not absolutely deny the justice of the claim, but they insisted upon it that no one should milk the heifers but their own ribs, and that John should be satisfied with the portion of milk which they allotted to him. Whether John thought that these dames would give him nothing but skim milk or butter-milk, or perhaps if they got into their tantrums, no milk at all, he vowed that Mrs. Bull should milk them, and take as much milk as she thought reasonable: the upshot of which was that John Bull had a great row with his more than half-grown Calves, and though he knocked them head over heels whenever he got a fair run at them in the open field, yet they worried him so much from behind the trees with which the pasture was covered, bit his tail, gored his flanks, and were off in the woods again ere he could well turn round, that at last he gave a tremendous roar, dashed into the lake, swam home, and left them to themselves.

He had still, however, a few young Calves on the north side of the pasture, who had not taken part in the squabble. One of these was a queer creature ; it was not of John's own breed ; he had harried it from the

Frogs in one of his scuffles, but he treated it just as if it was one of his own begotten Calves, and often used to flatter himself that the poor thing would soon forget all about the Frogs, and feel himself a Bull from head to foot. But these feelings flowed from John's heart rather than his head. He might have known that the Frog blood would never mix well with the Bulls. As it grew up, however, John did succeed in licking it a little into shape; the head began to look rather Bullish,\* but the body, legs and feet were still Frog all over. It was really a curious looking animal, and was in fact more of a Bull-Frog than a Bull; it made a tremendous noise, but that noise was more of a croak than a roar. It was, however, a great pet, and in process of time John proposed to Mrs. Bull to provide a wife for it. Some of the family thought that this might as well have been left alone, but wives were all the fashion about this time.† Old Frog himself had just taken one, who soon set all his family by the ears, and made the old gentleman kick the bucket before the honey-moon was half over.

A wife, therefore, it was decided that young Bull-Frog should have. Well, then, said those who thought he would do just as well without one, if he must have a wife let her be of the Bull breed, and not of the Frog: let her roar rather than croak, for mercy's sake. But fashion decides every thing, and it was the fashion then for those who knew little to leave all matters to the decision of those who knew less; and these wiseacres determined that Master Bull-Frog should choose a wife for himself. Now, as I said before, although his head had begun to look a little Bullish, he was still more than three-fourths Frog, and it was therefore natural for him to cohabit more with the Frogs than the Bulls. As might be supposed, then, he took unto himself a most thorough-going Frog

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\* British inhabitants in the towns.

† 1791.

for a wife, who soon set up such a croaking that there was no peace in the pasture.

John and Mrs. Bull had had the marriage articles drawn up under their own superintendence, and had taken every care, as they supposed, of that part of the estate. John's overseer still continued to superintend the farm, and he had trustees\* to join with him and Mrs. Bull-Frog in the management of it.

There was enough to be done; it was a fine property to be sure, and if well cultivated would soon have enriched all who dwelt upon it; but when the overseer and trustees, wanted to drain off the stagnant pools† and render it wholesome and productive, like John's farm on the other side of the lake, Mrs. Bull-Frog set up such a croaking that not a word which the overseer or trustees said could be heard. She did not want the pools drained—not she—she wanted none of their Bullish improvements. Improvements indeed! She knew well enough what they meant. If the marshes and meadows were all drained, these lordly Bulls would stalk over them and crush her poor dear Frogs under their feet. She wanted no interference with nature, which had provided these delightful fens for the Frogs to luxuriate in; and if the Bulls did not like them, why let them leave them. Fair and softly, Mrs. Bull-Frog, replied the overseer and trustees, if the Bulls don't like them, why let them leave them, forsooth! do you forget that they belong to the Bulls? Did'nt they take them from old Frog after many a hard day's fighting? and did he not surrender all his right to them to old Mr. Bull; and are those who are thorough-bred Bulls to abandon what would soon become rich and beautiful meadows, merely that you and your tadpoles may have your dirty mud-holes to squeak and croak in? Had old Master Frog wrenched one of John Bull's

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\* Legislative Council.

† Wanted to introduce English Laws for the encouragement of Commerce.

farms from him, and been able to keep it, I'll be bound he never would have given us the chance that we have given you; and therefore if you wish to live in the land, live in it and welcome—no one shall hurt you—but you must live in it as our land, and not as yours.

This seemed to be reasonable enough, but not so thought Mrs. Bull-Frog; she continued to croak, croak, and as the marriage articles prohibited the overseers and trustees from adopting any measure without her consent, no improvement could be effected. But the mischief did not end in merely preventing improvements. Mrs. Bull-Frog soon began to assert that she was as great a woman on this side of the Lake, as Mrs. Bull was on the other, and that no one but herself should handle the purse-strings. At first good old John Bull laughed at her attempting to raise a storm in her puddle, and went on paying for the performance of the ordinary work as usual. But when the old gentleman became a little hipped and thought himself too poor to pay the labourers upon his out-farms, he offered to give up all the rents and profits of this part of the estate to Mrs Bull-Frog, provided she would engage to keep it in order, and pay the overseer and workmen their accustomed wages.

Mrs. Bull-Frog joyfully assented to receive the rents and profits for ever, and consented to pay the wages so long, and in such proportions, as she pleased. John was so much occupied with matters nearer home, that he did not notice the difference between his offer and Madame's acceptance of it; but rubbed his hands and congratulated himself upon having got rid of that troublesome concern.

In a short time, however, John, like most folks who want to shove off their business upon others, instead of attending to it themselves, found that matters had got into a sad state on this part of his property. Madame Bull-Frog having got hold of the key of the money-chest, thrust it into her under-petticoat pocket, and swore that neither overseer or labourers should have a



farthing to feed or clothe themselves, until they would just do her bidding. The overseer and trustees did all they could, to bring her to reason, but the more they coaxed, the more she croaked, and they found that the farm was going fast to ruin, and that those who worked it were on the verge of starvation.

John after rubbing his eyes a little, looked over the letters and accounts which the overseer sent to him, but he was so harassed and perplexed with the homestead, that he could not give much attention to affairs on the other side of the Lake; and as Madame Bull-Frog complained so much of his overseer, he thought, without enquiring further into the matter, that he might as well send her another, he therefore selected one Ramsay\* who had managed a neighbouring farm to his heart's content, and that of all who lived on it also. Ramsay was an honest, noble fellow, whose heart was just in the right place; he would neither do nor suffer wrong. John thought he had hit on the very man to satisfy Madame Bull-Frog, let her be ever so capricious. But poor John knew little of Madame's freaks; he thought, poor simple soul, that she merely wished to be well governed. But Madame did not wish to be governed at all; and as she knew that Ramsay would do nothing that she could find fault with, unless she got his temper up, she set herself to work to insult him.

Mrs. Bull-Frog knowing that she had not an honest face to show, had long thought it politic to wear a mask—she had recently attached to it a hideous† *paper nose*, which being a very prominent feature, and attracting great attention from all who looked upon her, she soon acquired the habit of speaking through it in a most offensive manner. She had, however, no right to wear it, without the overseer's consent, and as she had, upon several occasions snuffled very abusive language through it against Ramsay, he twisted it off and threw it in her face. Oh! what an uproar the old woman made.

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\* The Earl of Dalhousie.

† L. J. Papineau, Speaker H. of A.

Ramsay told her to go to the —— and shake herself, and as she did not know how to behave, and Mr. Bull did not know how to make her, he left them to settle the matter between them. Well, says John, when it was told him that Ramsay had wrung the old woman's nose off, I'll try her with another overseer; there is Jemmy Thorough-work,\* who has managed the farm Ramsay had once in hand, so well, that all the tenants were delighted with him. I'll send him to her. Away went Jemmy to see how he could manage Madame; but there was a terrible difficulty in Jemmy's way upon the very threshold: Ramsay had pulled off Madame's paper nose. Now Madame contended that Ramsay had no right to pull it off, and therefore she said that it was not pulled off at all. Still there lay the paper nose; it was'nt on Madame's face, and as she had acquired such a habit of speaking through it, that she could'nt speak without it, how was she to say a single word to Jemmy until this organ was replaced! this dilemma perplexed them both sadly, for Jemmy was very anxious to put matters to rights if he could, and that was impossible without having some intercourse with Mrs. Bull-Frog; and she was equally anxious to recommence her manœuvres, not caring much whether she cajoled or abused Jemmy! but one or the other she longed to do.

As both sides, therefore, were desirous to have the paper nose replaced, after some consultation in the back chamber, it was agreed that Madame should make it adhere again with a little spittle, present herself to Jemmy as if nothing had happened, and request his leave to wear it—without taking any notice of Ramsay's having wrung it off. Jemmy made her a neat little bow, told her, it was very becoming to her, that he admired it much, and gave his consent, as a matter of course, in order to open a communication with her.

John next selected an honest, open-hearted son† of

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\* Sir James Kempt.

† Lord Aylmer.

Paddy Bull's, who told Madame at his first interview with her, that he could not sleep a wink for dreaming of doing her good;\* but it was not long before he discovered that whatever good he might be dreaming of she dreamt of nothing but evil. She had for some-time made a terrible uproar about the infringement of the marriage articles. The articles themselves, she said, were the best possible articles;† all she wanted, poor woman, was the full benefit of them, which she insisted was most shamefully withheld from her. Mrs. Bull said this must be looked into, and directed Pat to enquire fully into the affair. Pat sent for Madame, and begged to know what infringements she complained of, and, "Come, my dear Madame Bull-Frog," said he, squeezing her hand, and giving her one of those kind glances with which Paddy's sons are in the habit of softening the hearts of the sex, "tell me frankly, now, who has abused you, and by the hand of my lady, my jewel, I'll be the man to right you wherever you've been wronged. Let us have the whole story, darlint, that we may put all to rights at once, and leave no old sores without a plaster."

But Mrs. Bull-Frog had no notion of this wholesale dealing; she was a retailer of grievances, and knew it would be the ruin of her to part with her whole stock in trade at once. Evading, therefore, Pat's kind offer of a panacea for all complaints, she fell to abusing the trustees, said John had appointed no one but Bulls, who trampled upon the Frogs most cruelly, and that the farm would never flourish until John dismissed the Bulls and appointed Frogs in their place.

By the powers, says Pat, this is a pretty story; here are you Madame (without whose consent we cannot stir a step) Frog both head and heart, and yet my master, Mr.

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\* My first thought each morning, was, "What can I do for Canada?"

† See the first petitions, which lauded the Constitution conferred by the Act 31st Geo. 3rd and only complained of their not enjoying the full benefit of it.

Bull, is to be deemed guilty of a breach of the marriage articles because he appoints a few Bulls to take care of the interests of that part of the family. Appoint Frogs trustees, indeed ! faith, he's appointed more than's good of them already, and if he appointed any more, it's my notion they'll be a greater curse than they were in Egypt of old, and make such a croaking that not a Bull will be able to enjoy any peace in the country. I tell you, Mrs. Bull-Frog, it's no infringement of the marriage articles ; hasn't Mr. Bull a right to appoint trustees under the articles themselves ?

*Sacre*, she exclaimed, with a horrible grin, then the marriage articles are cursed bad articles, and I will never rest contented until I and my dear Frogs have the appointment of the trustees ourselves !

Wheugh ! whistled Pat, why you old ——— ; but stop, said he, drawing his breath, and endeavouring to regain his composure, didn't you yourself say, my dear Madame, not five minutes ago, that the articles were the best of all possible articles, and that all you wanted was the fulfilment of them ?

What if I did, you blathering blockhead ! roared she, don't people grow wiser as they grow older ! and I now think that the articles are the vilest articles that ever were drawn ; and unless Mr. and Mrs. Bull consent to alter them, and let the Frogs choose the trustees, I'll — but I'm not going to tell you what I shall do ; let old Bull remember how his other calves served him, that's all — that's all, Master Pat ; and away she dashed.

Pat was at his wits' end to know how to deal with such a termagant ; he had a real desire to improve the property, but Madame could not allow a penny to be expended upon it ; and of course matters went from bad to worse. Now, though she would not give a farthing for the necessary expenses of the farm, she had the impudence to ask Pat to consent to her taking a large sum out of the chest to purchase coals, and candles, and brooms, and scrubbing brushes, for her own room. Pat thought

that the beldame wanted fuel enough to set the town on fire from the sum she demanded ; but in the hope of bringing her into good humour, he complied with her request, and soon after in the gentlest manner possible, he begged her to take into consideration the wants of the farm and the state of the workmen, who had been left so long without their wages.

Would you believe it, that the vixen not only turned a deaf ear to his kind suggestions, but refused even to give him a receipt for the money he had advanced to her ; and flouncing out of the room in a rage, vowed she'd scratch the eyes out of any one who would venture to touch the chest in her absence. The poor workmen were left with freezing fingers and empty stomachs, and were altogether in such a pitcous plight, that Mr. Bull, though his present wife hauled him over the coals whenever he expended an extra penny, consented, upon Pat's earnest entreaty, to advance thirty pounds to dole out among them, just to keep soul and body together.

At their very next meeting, with unparalleled effrontery, Madame applied to Pat for a much larger sum of money than before, to squander away on bad company, under the pretext that she wanted it merely to keep her room in order ; but independent of the extravagant amount she demanded, and which he knew would be applied to the most mischeivous purposes, he reminded her of her refusal to give him a receipt for what he had advanced before, without which he could'nt settle his accounts, and he therefore civilly gave that as a reason for his non-compliance with her request. She dashed off in a furious passion, slammed the door behind her so that it nearly flew off the hinges, and swore that she would never speak a word more with Pat about the concerns of the farm.

John Bull might have seen with half an eye, if he had chosen to open either of them so far, that it was useless to yield any longer to such a capricious creature ;



but, good easy man, he thought that concession would at last bring her about, so he recalled Pat, and sent out one Mr. Goose-Frog \* as overseer, with two assistants to oversee him, as some folks thought.

There was a great to do on both sides of the Lake about sending out Mr. Goose-Frog and his assistants; they were to set all matters to rights in a trice, and make the Bulls and the Frogs dwell together like brethren. How this was to be accomplished puzzled folks not a little, for the Bulls liked to range in well thoroughly drained meadows, which produced abundantly; while the Frogs preferred squatting themselves down in the dirty pools and fens, where the Bulls would be mired if they came near them.

However, it was an age of wonders, John Bull had within a few years made a great discovery at home that the best way to keep his house in order was to allow all the disorderly vagabonds in the country to send whoever they pleased into the parlour, to toss the fire about the room, and then break the windows to let the wind blow it out. In short, the political millenium had commenced. The great lion Dan O'Hell, had already lain down with John's Lamb, and in the warmth of his love had twisted his tail so fast round the neck of the innocent creature that he couldn't utter a bleat except when Dan chose to ease off a little. John thought after this miracle he might easily reduce the Bulls and the Frogs to the same state of harmony.

Soon after Goose-Frog's arrival, Madame began to poke her Paper nose about him, to smell out his plan of proceeding and satisfied herself that the Frogs would be left in full enjoyment of their fens, and that the Bulls might roar away to their hearts content. Upon the first intimation that he was ready to receive her, she walked up to him in presence of the trustees, with her mask on, and her prominent Paper nose, which he

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\* Lord Gosford, Sir — Grey, and Sir George Gipps.

stroked as kindly as a friendly Esquimaux could have done, vowed that Slawkenburguis could never have found its equal in the whole promontory, and begged her to wear it for his sake.

Madame pretended to be quite delighted with this polite gentleman, and listened with apparent attention to a long speech which he addressed to her and the trustees. He assured them that Mr. Bull took the greatest interest in their welfare, and had commanded him to compel the Bulls and the Frogs to live together in peace and prosperity; that as to money for the fuel, and furniture, &c., &c., &c., which they might want for their respective rooms, Mr. Bull had desired him to give both the trustees and Madame whatever they might require, giving as he uttered this a significant glance to Madame Bull-Frog, as much as to say, I shall not investigate *your* items very strictly.

He then very feelingly deplored the distressed state of the workmen, trusted that their just claims would be attended to, and that all would unite to make the farm flourish, called upon Madame to repay Mr. Bull the thirty pounds he had advanced to keep the workmen from starving,—and reminded her that the poor gentleman was at his wit's ends for money himself,—that as to Madame's complaint that the overseers had employed more Bulls than Frogs to superintend the affairs of the farm, he assured her that Mr. Bull would in the future sanction no such proceeding; that although he could not deny that the farm belonged to the Bulls, no invidious distinctions were to be made; that for his own part, he always thought it was of the first importance for foremen to make themselves acceptable to the workmen they were appointed to superintend; and that no person was fit to be school-master who would not grant the boys a holiday whenever they desired it. Then turning round with a low and graceful bow to the Frogs: Do not fear, said he, that there is any design to disturb the form of society under which you have so

long been contented and prosperous.\* However different you may be from Mr. Bull's other calves, he cannot but admire the arrangements which have made you so eminently virtuous, and which have secured to you

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\* "Do not fear that there is any design to disturb the form of society under which you have so long been contented and prosperous."

It will perhaps occasion some little surprise in Old England when they learn that the first thing that has struck the Chief Commissioner, who has been sent out to enquire into causes of discontent and disturbance which (according to the representations of Mr. Papineau and his adherents) have so long disturbed Canada, is the peaceful and happy state of the French Canadians.

Those who are acquainted with the real state of things in that country will feel no astonishment at this. It would be difficult to find in any part of the world a body of people more contented, gay, and amiable, than the inhabitants of Lower Canada; satisfied with little, their small farms fully supply their wants; although fond of intercourse with each other, they wish not for any extension of their social circle. That circle includes all that they love, respect, and reverence; and they seldom trouble themselves with aught beyond it. Engrossed with their own harmless occupations, they leave all their greater temporal cares to the Notary of the village, as they unreservedly confide their spiritual concerns to their spiritual pastors. Thus relieved from all serious anxiety respecting their political rights in this world, or their future happiness in another, they pass their lives in as much serene enjoyment as can well fall to the lot of man.

We cannot wonder that his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief has expressed so much satisfaction at "the good conduct and tranquil bliss" which he finds has been created, preserved, and handed down from generation to generation among this people; but we think his Excellency must have wondered at finding this state of things when he had been sent out to redress the grievances under which they were stated to labour, and to allay the ferments which were supposed to prevail among them to an extent which endangered the public peace.

That those in whom these amiable, uneducated people, confide, have abused their confidence, is undoubted; and that the influence which has been acquired over them may be still more mischievously exerted, is highly probable, particularly if his Majesty's ministers continue to increase the consequence of the demagogues who deceive them by paying more attention to their statements than they do to the King's Representative. But still, as the people are, in point of fact, happy and contented,—as they do not practically feel any oppression, it may be doubted whether they would leave their peaceful homes to follow Mr. Papineau to the field, if he were disposed to lead them there, although they will doubtless continue to sign any petition that he or his satellites prepare for them.



that happiness and tranquil bliss which your numerous petitions of grievances, and the ninety-two resolutions of your amiable mother, proclaim that you possess. Mr. Bull will protect and foster the benevolent, active and pious teachers, under whose care and guidance you have been conducted to your present happy state. Your fens shall be preserved to you; the pools in which you delight to recreate yourselves shall be handed down from generation to generation. Let not the name of Bull alarm you, for although the Bulls did once possess themselves of the country, and their title has not yet been formally extinguished, it is my desire to secure to you the peaceful possession of this land, and no Bull shall approach your happy dwellings, except the Romish Bulls, which you so much admire and reverence. Then drawing himself up with great dignity, and wheeling round to the Bulls, he exclaimed: Of the Bulls, and especially those who require the draining of the fens and marshes,\* I would ask, is it possible you should suppose there can be any design to sacrifice your interests, when it is clear to all the world that it was by draining his marshes, fencing his fields, opening roads to the market-town, and bringing his farms into their present high state of cultivation, that Mr. Bull attained the prosperity to which he has advanced himself. It was for the express purpose of making his farms on this side of the lake like those on the other, that he has settled and cultivated them at a vast expense. Rely upon it that he will not abandon that purpose on Frogland Farm, to which he has encouraged you to remove, but with that constancy and good faith which has ever characterised him, he will not fail to sustain on this part of his property that system which has so long been held out as a boon to all his children, and as an inducement to you to remove here, and here to embark your hopes of wealth and happiness.

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\* The commercial classes. (See the Speech.)

Why, what the —— are we to make of all this blowing hot and cold? said the Bulls, as they passed out of the hall.

I know what I shall make of it, snuffed Madame, through her Papernose: I shall take what I like of it, and toss what I don't like to the winds.

As soon as the beldame returned to her own room, she whipt off her mask and displayed her own hideous visage. She retained, however, her darling Papernose, which she had so long been accustomed to croak through that she could not part with it. She then plainly stated that it was all nonsense to talk of altering the marriage articles, of choosing their own trustees, or of any other of the long rigmarole hobgoblin tales, with which she had been accustomed to amuse, and sometimes half scare the children, while she wore her mask, that it was now high time to burn the marriage articles, kick the trustees off the farm, and plainly tell Mr. Bull that if he did not keep his overseers at home, she would tar and feather them. She added, however, that, as she had'nt yet matured all her plans upon this matter, it would be as well, for form's sake, to give Goose-Frog an answer to his speech, just to tell him that if he did everything she desired, perhaps she would'nt pull his house about his ears at present; that she considered it a great impertinence in Mr. Bull to interfere between her and her workmen; and that as to repaying the money she had advanced, she would take it into consideration with the same views and sentiments, with which she had always considered subjects of this kind. That as to the Bulls and Frogs dwelling together in peace and harmony, she assured him that she should conduct herself with the same impartiality towards them, that she *had heretofore done* (which was as much as to tell the Bulls to look out for squalls), that the farm would be a mighty pretty farm if managed to her mind, that she confidently expected to get the whole control over it herself, and hoped, from what she had seen of Goose-Frog, that he was the very man to help her do so.

Goose-Frog, in reply, thanked her for the kind and flattering manner in which she had spoken of him, and assured her that he should adhere faithfully to the line of conduct he had already intimated to her; but which of the two opposite lines he meant, the Bull line or the Frog line, he did not explain.

Immediately after this denial to repay Mr. Bull the money he had advanced to the poor labourers, she applied to Goose-Frog for a round sum to defray the expense of bribing some of John's renegade sons, to aid her to ride rough shod over the Bulls. Goose-Frog opened both his eyes as wide as he could, raised the lids of them, and stared her full in the face, for he could scarcely believe she could seriously make such a request, when she had left the whole of John's servants without a farthing to bless themselves; but perceiving that she urged it with all due gravity, he exclaimed, well — me if I don't admire your impudence, tip us your daddle my old dame, I'll do it *cheerfully*.

Madame pocketed the money, gave three cheers for the three G's.\* and walked off singing—

“Goosey, Goosey, Gander.”

Indeed she now feels that she has a carte blanche, not only to walk up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber, but to go wherever she chooses, to do whatever she likes and to say whatever she pleases; but as neither her sayings nor doings will give much satisfaction to honest folks, we will pursue her history no further, but just wind up with a word or two of advice to old Mr. Bull.

And first, my good sir, you have brought all this trouble upon yourself.

After you obtained possession of Frogland, you publicly proclaimed to all your children that it was to become part of the Bull estate, and that the farm was to be managed according to the Bull system.† It is true

\* G—f—d, G—y, G—ps.

† See the proclamation issued from St. James', 7th Oct., 1763.

that you agreed with old Mr. Frog, that the Frogs on it might either hop off to him, or stay on it with you, but saving their privilege of going to purgatory, which was fully preserved to those who remained, they were, in all respects, to conduct themselves like Bulls.\* Now before you let Master Bull-Frog out of leading strings, you should have ascertained whether he could walk; before you consented to give him a wife you should have considered whether he was capable of managing one: you should have drawn the marriage articles in such a way as would have secured the cultivation of that part of your property on your own system. You should have insisted upon it that the children should be brought up to speak your own language,† and instead of any

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\* See the articles of capitulation, dated September 8, 1760, particularly the 41st: and the treaty of Paris, February 10th, 1763, article 4th.

† Never was a greater mistake made than in permitting the French language to be used in the legislative debates in Canada. The French inhabitants of that country had not a shadow of claim to this indulgence. They were not entitled to a Representative Branch in the Legislature, either under the articles of capitulation in 1760, or under the treaty of Paris in 1763, by which Canada was ceded to the British Crown. It is true that by the proclamation issued from St. James' on the 7th of Oct., 1763, for the encouragement of the settlers of the British possessions in America generally, his Majesty stated that so soon as the state and circumstances of the Colonies therein mentioned, should admit of it, the Governor with the consent of the respective Councils, should summon General Assemblies. But this was a proclamation from the King of Great Britain to his subjects, announcing to them that they should enjoy the rights of Englishmen wherever they settled, so soon as the state of the Colonies in which they should settle would admit of it.

The King's subjects in Canada, whether of British or French origin, had a right to expect that in due time this engagement would be fulfilled. But it was only as British subjects that they had a right to expect it.

The Canadians had no right to claim a Representative Branch as *Frenchmen*, nor to demand that the French language should become the language of a British Legislature. It is not an honest fulfillment of this proclamation to give a Colony to which Englishmen had been encouraged to remove, a Legislature in whose proceedings they can take no part, unless they qualify themselves to do so by acquiring the use of a foreign tongue. Surely if one or the other must submit to the inconvenience of learning a different language from that in which they had first been taught to speak, it was more reasonable that in a country belonging to England, the French should qualify themselves to enjoy the

farago about liberality to the Frogs, you should have remembered that both justice and policy required that on every part of John Bull's property, John Bull's sons should have the predominance.\* Had you done this

privilege of Englishmen by learning English, rather than that the English should be excluded from these privileges unless they learned French. Intelligent men of French extraction would soon have learned to express themselves with sufficient facility in the language of the country to which they had transferred their allegiance, by remaining in Canada after it became a British Province, when they had the option of removing from it with their effects; and those whose incapacity disqualified them for this easy task would have been no loss to a Legislative Body.

Had the boon of an English constitution been accompanied with the reasonable condition, that all discussions respecting the privileges it conferred were to be conducted in English, no measure would have been more effectual in accelerating the introduction of English feelings among the Canadians. A knowledge of our language would have led to an acquaintance with our literature and laws among the upper classes, from which the happiest results would have followed. At present the inhabitants of British and French extractions are as much estranged from each other as they were at the period of the conquest. The French majority in the House of Assembly now claim as a right what was improvidently granted them as an indulgence. A large portion of them understand French only, and the few English who can find their way into that Body are reduced to the humiliating necessity of abandoning their mother tongue, in order to make themselves understood by their auditors. The privilege of using one language or the other at the will of the speaker is an utter absurdity. The devisers of such a scheme would, we may suppose, have recommended the builders of Babel to have persisted in their audacious attempt, after the confusion of tongues had been inflicted upon them. One language or the other must of necessity be exclusively used, and as the French party are so completely lords of the ascendant in the Canadian House of Assembly, Englishmen are compelled to forego the use of their own, in their fruitless attempts to stem the torrent of revolution, into which these *ingrates* are endeavouring to force the country.

\* Little could the gallant Wolfe have supposed that the fruits of that conquest, which he purchased with his life, were to be enjoyed by the conquered, instead of the conquerors, — that the noble Province which his valour wrested from our ancient enemy, and added to the British dominions, was quietly to be surrendered to the vanquished French. For is it not a surrender of it to them, when, while they adhere most pertinaciously to their old prejudices, and continue to cherish French in preference to British feelings, they are told by the King's representative, "That in every country, to be acceptable to the great body of the people, *is one of the most essential elements of fitness for public station.*"

As they still form a large majority of the inhabitants of Canada, what is it but to tell them that Frenchmen ought to rule the country in



it would have been the ambition of every Frog to have swelled himself into a Bull before this time. All that were worth receiving, would have succeeded, and if a

future, for with the prejudices which are so carefully instilled and preserved among them by their leaders, none but Frenchmen will be acceptable to them. The declaration means this or it means nothing. If acted upon, Britons in a land that belongs to Britain are to be excluded from all authority. If not acted upon, the majority of the inhabitants of that land are told by their Governor that power is withheld from those *who alone possess the most essential elements of fitness for the exercise of it.*

Much is it to be regretted that the subject of national origin has been introduced into the speech of the King's representative.

That the French party possessing all the power which the elective branch can exercise, has long made it a subject of complaint that Frenchmen are not selected for official situations, we know; and if, notwithstanding their own exclusive conduct, the government were aware of any instance in which the just claim of a person of French origin had been overlooked, and an Englishman of inferior qualifications preferred, it was its duty to set that matter right; not on the ground of origin, but on the ground of the superior fitness of the individual for the office. But among these qualifications, an attachment to our institutions, English feeling, and a preference of the British constitution over that of any other country, should ever stand foremost. That man is not worthy of the name, nor can he possess the feelings of a Briton, who could debar a fellow-subject from the fullest enjoyment of all his rights (and the right to hold offices of trust and emolument, when duly qualified for them, is a valuable one), merely because his origin could be traced to a different source from his own. But if those of foreign descent choose to preserve themselves as a distinct race, to cherish feelings that are not British,—refuse to become our brethren, and avow their hostility to us, our language, and our laws, then they never can be—I will not say so well qualified as Britons—they never can be in any degree qualified to hold offices of trust and confidence under a British government.

Shall Mr. Papineau, who, five years ago, publicly denounced the House of Lords as a nuisance; who, within these few weeks, has professed his admiration of republican institutions, and called upon his colleagues in the Assembly to prepare the minds of the people for the introduction of them; shall he, with these hostile feelings in his heart, and this treasonable language upon his tongue, be entrusted to serve a Monarch whom he would dethrone; or selected to sustain a Constitution that he would destroy? Surely, surely, neither Mr. Papineau nor his adherents could ever be deemed worthy of the confidence of their Sovereign, or qualified to hold any office under the British Crown.

Do I mean to denounce the whole French population of Lower Canada, to hold them practically to be aliens, and to declare them unworthy of the confidence of the Government under which they live? Far from it. I have in a previous note expressed my opinion of the great body of the Canadian inhabitants, and concurred in the admiration which their orderly conduct has excited in the Governor-General.

few of them had burst in the attempt, no great harm would have been done. But by your neglecting these matters your own children have been sacrificed. The conquerors have been laid at the feet of the conquered. Your own system of cultivation has been prohibited, and a vicious one, under which the Bulls can never thrive, has been retained. The Frogs, instead of emulating the Bulls, presume to dictate to them ; instead of feeling it an honour to form part of your noble family, they disclaim you and boast that they are Frogs, and that Frogland is their own.\* They tell the Bulls, that if they do not like to submit to their sway over the land, they may leave it, and instead of chastizing them for such insolence, you have truckled to them and have actually directed your overseers to prefer Frogs to Bulls in the selection of workmen. Instead of supporting the authority of your overseers, you have listened to every captious and unfounded complaint against them. After selecting men whose high character was a sufficient pledge for their good conduct ; men whose names were respected and whose services were gratefully appreciated by all who bore the name of Bull ; men who were incapable of any act of oppression or injustice—you have not only submitted to hear these men maligned and defamed in the most opprobrious manner, but you have encouraged the Frogs to persist in such conduct by re-

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Contented with their lot, we should look in vain into their peaceful cottages, for the *aspirants* to office. No determination of ours will exclude them from what they will never dream of seeking. It is their leaders, who should be excluded.—men who possessing the confidence of this simple people (and who, for obvious reasons, will continue to possess it), use it only to deceive them,—vaulting through the means of this ill-deserved confidence into the Assembly, and carrying with them inveterate prejudices against the conquerors of the country. They can ill brook the sway of the descendants of those conquerors. They long to destroy their power and influence, and to regain by art what their ancestors lost by arms.

Shall the British Government lend itself to these views? Shall they bestow offices of trust and confidence with equal complacency upon those who would support, and upon those who would subvert the King's authority in the Country? Verily this is liberality with a vengeance.

\* *La Nation Canadienne.*

calling them and sending one overseer after another merely to induce an increase of abuse, until vituperation has exhausted itself, and they now audaciously tell you that they mean to have nothing to say to you nor your overseers.

And now, Mr. Bull, what are you to do? In the first place, you and Mrs. Bull must decide whether it is worth your while to retain your property on this side of the lake or not—for depend upon it, if you lose Frog-land your other farms will soon follow.\* If upon due consideration you should convince yourself that you may as well abandon them—then for heaven's sake say so. Do not set the tenants on this side of the water to cutting each other's throats, in a contention whether

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\* It is the consequences that must follow if the turbulent demagogues in the Canadian Assembly should succeed in severing that Province from the British Empire, that renders the dissensions there so interesting to the inhabitants of British America generally. It is true that difference of origin will not be the cause of discontent in the other Provinces, but there never was a country yet in which a few out of power did not wish to dispossess the few that were in it, and there are not wanting characters in each of the British Provinces, who would gladly follow the example of the Canadian Patriots. If the Government of Great Britain timidly surrender the prerogative of the Crown to the popular idols in Canada, they may depend upon it they must also bow the knee to Baal in every other Province.

I mean not to state that there is any discontent among the inhabitants of British America; on the contrary, I think that as there are few people who have more cause to be satisfied with their lot, so are there few more generally contented with it. But there are no faultless constitutions or Governments, any more than there are faultless individuals in this world, and if those who sigh for power in the other Provinces are encouraged by the success of the demagogues in Canada to attempt to wrest it from the hands in which the laws of the land have placed it, they will not fail to follow the example. Contented as the great body of the people may be, if every little defect which may be discovered or imagined in our institutions, or every trivial mismanagement or mistake in the administration of public affairs is dwelt upon and dinned into their ears by brawlers who see little prospect of success by other means,—and those who pursue this course, are not discountenanced by the Government at home, then that discontent so natural to man, will soon be generated, and the cause of that dissatisfaction, which every man more or less feels with his actual state, will be attributed to misgovernment, when in fact it is only the lot of humanity and proceeds from what—

“Neither Kings nor Laws can cure.”



they shall continue your tenants or not, if you really do not desire to retain them. This would not be fair dealing with your best friends on this part of your property. Many here are most warmly attached to you, and would grieve to part with you; but if you wish to part with them, they would see that nothing was left for them, but to submit to your decision, and endeavour to make the best of their lot. There are a few young calves perhaps who are impatient of control, and would like to take a frisk with those with whom you quarrelled some years ago; but the greater number while they admit that those who scampered off when you attempted to milk them, have thriven wonderfully well since, think that there are some indications of their beginning to gore each other,\* and therefore deem it would be just as prudent to stick to you until they see a little more clearly how the others get on by themselves.

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\* The neighbouring States are frequently alluded to by our patriots as models for our imitation. No man whose head or heart is rightly placed, will join in the senseless clamour against them, in which some of our ultras indulge. When the connexion between them and the mother country was severed, nothing remained for them but to create Republican institutions, and substitute the people for the Crown as the source of power; the state of society rendered any other course impracticable, and I envy not that man his feelings who does not wish them success in the attempt that they are making to regulate social intercourse and to advance social happiness with the least possible interference with the private conduct of the individuals composing the community. *It still, however, remains an experiment*, and some of the wisest men among them, staunch friends to freedom too, cannot at all times repress a fear that order cannot be preserved without a greater infusion of power into their system of Government, and that it will be difficult to induce the people to clothe their rulers with as much authority as the preservation of the public peace may require.

With the tumults which have arisen in many of their large cities, and the conflicting interests of the various states of the Union before our eyes with the angry contentions and menacing language of the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States ringing in our ears, surely mere prudence, independent of all higher feelings, should induce the inhabitants of British America to rejoice that they still form a part of the noble Empire of Great Britain, under whose powerful protection their rights and liberties are secured to them, without their being involved in that momentous experiment, on the result of which our neighbours have all that is valuable to man at stake.

Therefore Mr. Bull, if you desire to retain your farms on this side of the lake, you will have no great difficulty in doing it, but then you must plainly remind Mrs. Bull that a great estate cannot be rendered productive without continued outlays. Your milk seekers lost you a fine property before, take care that your milk savers don't lead you into the same scrape now. If you do not think that the advantages you derive from supplying your out-farms with what they do not raise and supplying yourself from them with what you cannot raise, compensate for the expense of providing overseers &c. &c., then give them up in peace and leave them to shift for themselves; but if you wish to retain these advantages, you must not begrudge paying the cost of them.

While you fed the overseers, things went on pretty smoothly, their authority was recognized, and all their efforts for the improvement of the property were cheerfully forwarded. But when you began to suck the calves instead of feeding them, they began to kick up their heels and splash mud instead of milk into the mouths of your half-starved bailiffs.

Now depend upon it this notable scheme of yours will never answer.

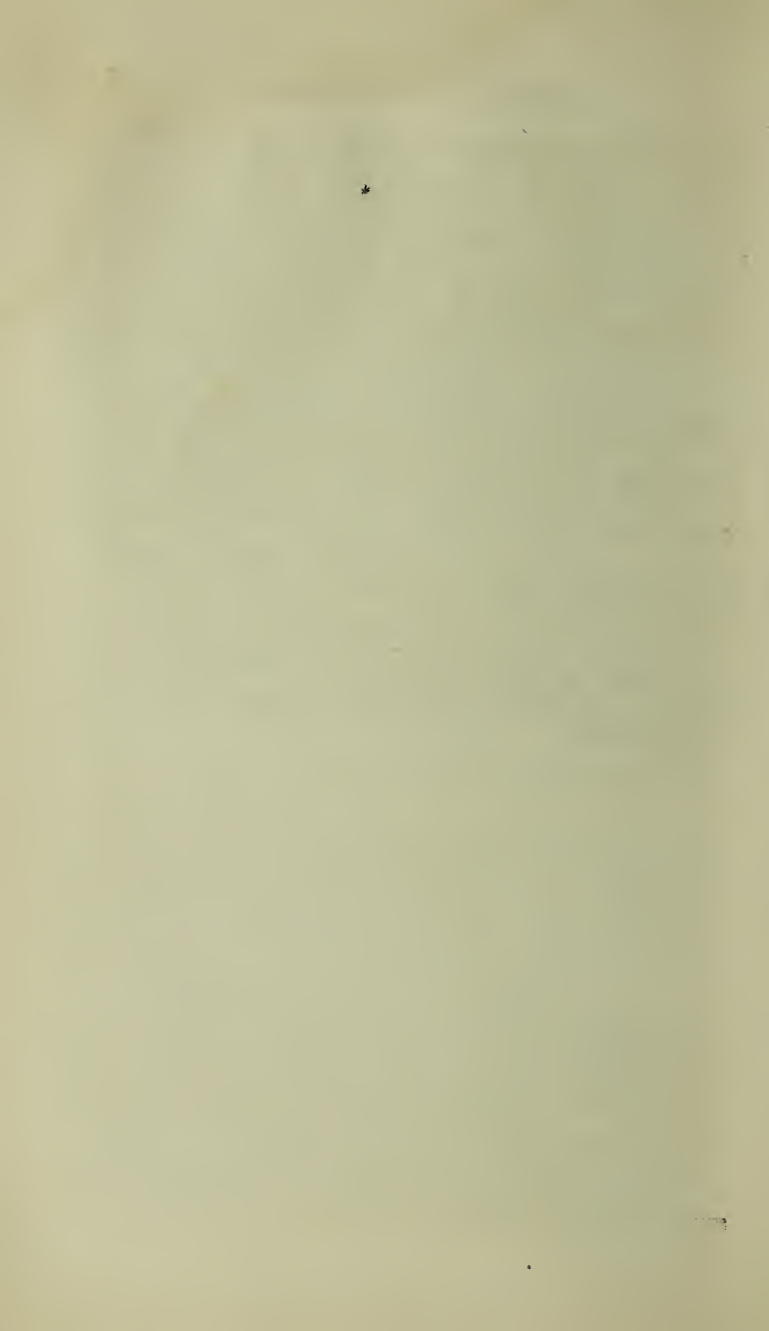
If the overseers are to continue your servants to take care of your interests, and to see that the regulations you make to secure the benefit of supplying these farms to yourself are adhered to, then you must continue to bear the expense of maintaining them. If they are not worth it, say so, and have done with them.

But independent of the preservation of your own authority, Mr. Bull, you owe something to your children whom you have encouraged to settle in Frogland, and who, by your indiscretion, have been subjected to the tyrannous caprices of Mrs. Bull Frog.

That vixen not content with the power which she has already usurped over the Bulls, wishes to dispossess them of the little protection which the trustees may afford to

them, and has required you to allow the Frogs to name trustees. Now, as the appointment of them was secured to you by the marriage articles, exercise that right then not as the beldame wishes but as justice requires. Reconsider and amend them so as to secure to your own children those rights to which they are entitled, on every part of your property; let them not while dwelling in your own land, be subjected to those who voluntarily continue foreigners. The task is not an easy one, perhaps, but let the performance of it be confided to honest, intelligent and diligent men, and it will no doubt be accomplished; let no invidious distinctions be made, let all your children, whether by descent or adoption be admitted to a full participation of your paternal care and affection, but let no spurious feeling of liberality induce you to sacrifice your own family to those who abhor both you and them.

Comply, then, with Mrs. Bull-Frog's request to alter the marriage articles, but do it in a spirit which will make her feel that, "She seeks for justice more than she deserves."



ADDRESSED TO  
LOUISA COLLINS,

Who died at MARGARETVILLE, 16th of Oct., 1834, aged 1 year and 5 months.

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Sweet babe, into the room where thy little corpse now lies, wert thou borne each morning in the arms of thy mother or thy nurse, and when wearied even with so lovely a burthen they asked, "who will take the Baby?" how many kind voices exclaimed "I will, bring her to me," how many kind arms were extended to fondle and caress thee, and when thou didst draw back, cling round thy mother's neck, and lay thy dear little head upon her bosom, thy sweet expressive smiling countenance, looked not a refusal but only said—and oh how plainly did those eyes bespeak thy feelings—"I love to be here."

But the question "Who will take the Baby?" has been put by a Voice we heard not, and He who said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," has said, "I will." Let His Will be ever done, let no murmuring voice arise to dispute it. Dare we wish to snatch her back from Him who even here took little children in His arms and blessed them.

Perhaps the sweet little Angel Anna, who when thy feeble voice first expressed its moans in this world of pain and sorrow, so sweetly soothed thee,—perhaps she who first so fondly drew thee to the arms of thy earthly father, hovered over thy death bed, soothed thy dying agonies, and accompanied thy blessed Spirit in its flight to the Throne of thy Heavenly Father, for

The World so calmly did'st thou leave  
So quietly thy Spirit fled,  
We watched to see thy bosom heave,  
When thou wer't numbered with the dead.

Let thy mourning mother remember that she is now the mother of three Angels, who may perhaps be employed by her Almighty Father to minister more to her happiness even here, than they ever could have done had they remained in this world; but however it may please Him to dispose of or employ them, of this she may be assured—and let that assurance be her consolation—they are happy, eternally happy, with Him and only through Him who died to purchase happiness for them.

THE following lines were suggested to the writer by reading Goldsmith's beautiful Poem of "The Traveller." He has had a few copies printed for circulation among his friends, whose partiality will induce them to view it favourably as the production of an

OCTOGENARIAN.





## REFLECTIONS ON PASSING EVENTS.

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A Pilgrim, wandering through this world of woe,  
Struggling with sin and sorrow as I go,  
Where sinful passions in our bosoms reign,  
And sinful pleasures ever lead to pain :—  
Where can the soul find comfort or relief?  
Where safely seek a solace for its grief?  
Where gain that peace for which it vainly yearns ?—  
Until from earth's delusive joys it turns,  
Fixes its thoughts on Thee, Great God of Heaven,  
And seeks the bliss by Thee so freely given  
To all who fly for refuge to Thy Son,  
And say, what e'er betide, "Thy will be done."  
"Where'er I roam, whatever change I see,"  
May my glad heart for ever turn to Thee :  
Still to my Saviour turn, with ceaseless praise,  
And seek Thy guidance thro' life's devious ways.

Blessed be that Book, which guides me to my God,  
And makes my soul submissive to Thy rod ;  
That teaches me that blessings ever flow  
From Thee, e'en when they come in guise of woe.  
O ! let me not, with vain presumption, dare  
To doubt the wondrous truths it does declare,  
Nor bring Thy mysteries to reason's test—  
On which proud man would fainly have them rest.  
He asks why Power Supreme permitted ill ?  
And vainly asks, for none his doubts can still,—  
Yet ill abounds, where'er he turns his eyes,  
Thro' every region underneath the skies.  
He seeks a remedy ;—Thy Blessed Word  
Would turn the sinner to his dying Lord,—  
Bids him a remedy for sin to see  
In Him who bled on the accursed tree.  
But faith, alone, o'er humble hearts bears sway,—  
And the proud sceptic turns in scorn away,  
While humble sinners listen to the call,  
And cast their cares on Him who cares for all.

Thus humbly trusting in Thy Blessed Word,  
And fearing only Thee, I look abroad  
On the dread scenes which now assail our race,  
And from all bosoms peace and comfort chase,—  
Save those, who feel Thy Providence can still  
Surpassing good produce from passing ill.  
Amazed, we see a Christian host arrayed  
To save the Turk from Russia's threatening blade.  
Well-meaning but short-sighted men deplore  
That Britain's sons their precious blood should pour  
In such a cause. "No! let the accursed power  
Of the False Prophet sink for evermore!"  
But He who seeth not as man doth see—  
He, from whose eyes all mists forever flee—  
May, and we trust He will, our fears becalm,  
And guided on by His Almighty Arm,  
Our Christian hosts his Blessed Word may spread,  
Where'er His arm that Christian host may lead.  
Then, not alone, shall Mahomet be hurled  
From that fair portion of our fallen world,  
Which by his ruthless sword th' Imposter gained,—  
But those sad errors which pure truth hath stained,  
And both the Greek and Roman Church defile,  
Shall draw a cleansing stream from Britain's Isle,  
Where pious men of God in bands unite  
To spread His Word e'en 'mid the raging fight.  
For not alone the Soldier with his sword  
Rushes to battle,—but Thy Holy Word,  
A precious burthen, in his pack he bears,  
To rouse his courage and to calm his cares.  
Well tutored by its sacred lore, he knows  
No fears while struggling with his country's foes.  
If from the field in triumph he returns,  
With Britain's glorious deeds his bosom burns;  
If death o'ertake him in the fearful strife,  
The foeman's steel but opes the Gate of Life.  
Thus Vicars felt—Vicars, the Soldier's friend—  
Who, with his comrades, oft his prayers did blend;  
Daily, with them, he pours his soul to God,  
'Till, in his Country's cause, he pours his blood.  
No lingering agony his course impedes,—  
Soon, freed from mortal coil, he upward speeds,

From fields of carnage in this world of woe,  
 Where peace and joy around God's Throne e'er flow.  
 What wondrous change then meets his ravished sight,  
 To fill the Christian Hero with delight !  
 No longer listening to War's dread alarms,  
 He sinks in glory in his Saviour's arms.  
 But when before, in War's disastrous train,  
 Went forth that priceless cure for all our pain ?—  
 When did we see the Ministers of Peace—  
 And may their blessed number soon increase—  
 'Mid want and suffering, gather in the Camp,  
 To sick and wounded men to show the lamp  
 Of God's own Word,—their saddest wounds to heal,  
 And to their souls the blessed truth reveal,  
 That the keen pains their bodies now endure  
 May of immortal souls produce the cure,  
 And all their sufferings may but blessings prove,  
 If they will turn them to the God of Love.  
 Say, thro' what source did He, Who works by means,  
 Send forth such comforts to those dismal scenes ?  
 Yes, 'twas the work of His Almighty hand,  
 Which, years long passed, stirred up a little band  
 Of Christian men, His blessed Word to spread,  
 Of Christian men, now numbered with the dead ;  
 But e'er the hand of death had closed their eyes,  
 They looked, with grateful wonder and surprise,  
 At the vast work that little band had wrought,  
 Thro' Him whose favor and support they sought.  
 Long may that work His blessed aid receive,  
 'Till all mankind his blessed Word believe.  
 No note or comment from the pen of man,  
 They sought, to explain the great Creator's plan ;  
 Trusting on Him, they sent His Word abroad,  
 Pure as it issued from the lips of God.  
 That little band, now grown a mighty mass,  
 Striving each year the former to surpass  
 In works of love to bless the race of man,  
 And cause them thro' God's Word his works to scan,  
 Now to the battle field that Word they speed,  
 To soothe the soldier in his hour of need.  
 Strange it may seem such messenger to send—  
 Where blood and carnage on its steps attend ;

But wist ye not the blessed Prince of Peace  
 Declares the Christian warfare ne'er shall cease ;  
 Nor must the Christian warrior ever yield,  
 Or in the tempting court, or tented field,—  
 For in the court, or in the camp, 'tis meet  
 The Word of God should guide our wandering feet.  
 O ! that that blessed Word may do its work,  
 And reach the feelings of the sensual Turk !  
 O ! that its piercing truths with power may seek  
 The subtle bosom of the wily Greek !  
 That crowds of Christian converts soon may come  
 Forth from the darkness of benighted Rome ;  
 And Turk, and Greek, and Roman, seek the Cross,  
 And learn all other gain is only loss !

If 'tis His will—such blessings may ensue  
 From deeds which every human heart must rue ;  
 But tho' His good assume the shape of ill,  
 We bow submissive to His Holy Will.

See yonder stalwart form, his mother's pride,  
 With manly step towards the foe now stride,  
 Into the thickest of the fight to dash ;—  
 Alas ! he falls ! oh ! what a fearful gash !  
 The majesty of manhood now lies prone,—  
 One dreadful blow has brought that warrior down ;  
 His comrades lift him from among the slain,  
 And bear him senseless to his tent again.  
 Say, does the sleep of death those eyelids close ?  
 Nay—he's but sinking in a fitful dose,—  
 For soon he lifts again his throbbing head,  
 And sees an angel kneeling at his bed.  
 What gentle hand is that which smoothes his brow,  
 And bathes his temple,—“Florence, is it thou ?  
 “Is it thy gentle step, which softly glides  
 “From couch to couch where misery resides,—  
 “Where mangled limbs and gaping wounds abound,  
 “And death, in direst form, is hovering round ?  
 “Thou ! born to wealth, to luxury and ease,  
 “How camest thou 'mid scenes of woe like these ?  
 “'Twere fitter far thy menials should bestow  
 “Such toilsome care.” Sweet Florence answers—“No—  
 “Tho' born to wealth, to luxury and ease,  
 “I feel my duty lies in scenes like these.

"Did not my Saviour quit the realms of Bliss  
 "To wander through a world of woe like this,  
 "To seek the wretched,—and has made us know,  
 "We please Him best, when we are soothing woe?  
 "Does not my Sovereign, 'mid the cares of State,  
 "Feel deepest interest in the Soldier's fate,—  
 "Haste to the shore, to welcome his return?  
 "And while with pain his fevered frame may burn.  
 "Her woman's heart pants to bestow relief,  
 "And sweetly sympathises in his grief;  
 "And early was my youthful heart embued  
 "With the sweet 'luxury of doing good.' "  
 E'en so, fair Florence;—yes, thy gentle heart  
 Has wisely fix'd upon that better part  
 Which Mary chose—which Jesus most approves—  
 And which should be the choice of all He loves.  
 Sweet Christian maid—devoted to His Cause—  
 Guiding thy steps by His most holy laws—  
 In that dread day, when all shall hear their doom,  
 Thy Saviour's smile from thee shall chase all gloom.

But while on earth the Christian draws his breath,  
 Familiarised to scenes of war and death,  
 He looks to Him, who good from evil draws,  
 And to His care confides his country's cause.

Yes! look to Him, and hush each murm'ring sound,  
 Nor fear no fitting leader can be found  
 To guide thy gallant sons against the foe,  
 And Britain's conquering standard once more shew.  
 He of a hundred fights has left the stage,  
 Mourned by his country, in a green old age,  
 By no long sickness to his couch confined,—  
 No powers impaired of body or of mind,  
 Ever intent on duty to the last,—  
 A few short hours—and all life's pains were past.  
 Who now shall lead our soldiers in the field?  
 Who now the sword of Wellington shall wield?  
 We hear exclaimed by some, with faltering voice:  
 The Christian answers, "Leave to God the choice."  
 Perish the thought that Britain's race is run,  
 And all her mighty deeds in arms are done!  
 No murm'ring voice, Britannia shouldst thou raise;  
 Naught from thy lips should issue, but the praise



Of Him, who forced thy stubborn foes to flee,  
And yield Sebastopol to France and thee.  
'Tis true, before they fled, they made thee feel  
That they were "foemen worthy of thy steel;"  
The more thy breast with gratitude should glow,  
For such a triumph over such a foe.

Thy sons have shewn how Britons can endure  
Both cold and hunger,—and of this be sure—  
If further lesson must thy foe receive—  
They soon shall learn what Britons can achieve.  
When from the trenches to the open field—  
Where boldest hearts to wisest heads oft yield—  
They there shall learn, tho' Wellington be dead,  
His mantle o'er some British Chieftain spread  
Shall proudly flow, each gallant heart to cheer,  
And lead them on in Victory's career,—  
Where future Wellingtons fresh laurels gain,  
While future Nelsons triumph on the main.  
Preserve the Faith for which thy martyrs died,  
Nor fear that God a leader will provide;  
No lust of conquest does this hope inspire—  
We fear not War, but Peace is our desire.

Monarch of Russia! clothed with such vast power—  
Think, I beseech thee, of thy dying hour;  
Think of the agonising woe and pain  
Which ever follow in War's dreadful train;  
And answer now, as answer then thou must,  
If thou art fighting in a cause that's just.  
Were but thy hapless country once relieved  
From that sad legacy thy Sire bequeathed,  
Of ruthless War,—and gentle Peace once more  
Shed its soft influence from shore to shore,  
No longer listening to ambition's voice,  
But well directed to a better choice,  
Thy savage hordes now striving to improve,  
And teaching them both God and man to love:  
Say, were not that a far more glorious plan  
Than that long cherished by that wondrous man—  
Half savage and half sage—his country's pride—  
(O let him not remain his country's guide).  
Let not his lust of conquest still prevail,  
Which leads thee every neighbour to assail.

Thy power extending o'er a world so wide,  
 From Neva's banks to Amoor's mighty tide,  
 Might well suffice. Then be it thy desire,  
 With love of peace and knowledge to inspire  
 The millions who are placed beneath thy sway,  
 Nor add to those who now thy will obey.  
 But mildly strive to soften each rude heart—  
 To spread and cultivate each peaceful art ;  
 Teach them their savage passions to subdue, }  
 And the bright path of science to pursue, }  
 This were a God-like work for man to do.

Oh ! that War's trumpet its sad blasts might cease,  
 And Europe's sons once more might rest in peace :  
 But let not British blood be spilt in vain,  
 Nor heroes fall, a treacherous truce to gain.  
 If Muscovy does really rue the hour  
 When she defied both France and England's power ;  
 If her brave sons at length have learnt to feel  
 That vainly they contend against their steel,—  
 And real Peace again its head uprear,  
 Blessing alike the Peasant and the Peer,—  
 Then welcome, oh ! how welcome were the voice  
 Of smiling Peace,—then should all hearts rejoice ;—  
 Princes and People, then their thanks should raise,  
 And to the King of Kings give all the praise.

But what dark cloud is that we now descry,  
 Casting its shadow o'er the western sky,  
 And lowering as it points to Britain's shore,  
 As if the trump of war might blow once more ;  
 Calling Britannia's and Columbia's sons,  
 Against each others breasts to point their guns ?  
 O ! can it be, Columbia, that thy sword  
 To Russia's Despot now will aid afford ?  
 Why do thy freeborn sons, alas ! appear  
 Inclined to aid a tyrant's mad career ?  
 Is it that tyrants in thine own loved soil,  
 Afric's dark sons of freedom still despoil ?  
 'Twas a sad legacy that did remain,  
 When valiantly thou didst thy freedom gain  
 From British rule, which Britain to thee left,  
 Of men, whom she of freedom had bereft ;  
 But she has long wiped off the shameful stain,

Whilst thou art lengthening the dreadful chain  
To regions where the freeborn red man's race  
Then sought support and pleasure in the chase.  
That hapless race, yielding to His decree,  
Which dooms the savage from the sage to flee,  
Hath left that fertile region in thy hand  
That thou mightst there fulfil the great command—  
Increase and multiply man's race on earth—  
But let not that fair land to slaves give birth.  
If, in the sickly South, fair freedom pine,  
And the poor slave must there all hope resign  
Of his chain loosening 'till he sink in death—  
Taint not the western breeze with slavery's breath.

Sons of the North, whose earliest breath was drawn  
Where first your country's freedom had its dawn,  
Be ye united in one gallant band,  
From slavery's curse to save Nebraska's land.  
Will not your pilgrim sires start from their graves,  
If ye shall people such a land with slaves?  
Oh! would those men, who this sad course pursue,  
Think of the day when they that course may rue!  
When looking up from that dire gulf below,  
Which parts them from the sainted soul of Stowe,  
How will they then lament, her thrilling tale  
Of misery (which ever must prevail  
Where slavery uprears its cursed head),  
Did not on their hard hearts its influence shed,  
Ere they were doomed for evermore to dwell,  
The slaves of Satan, in the realms of Hell.  
But think not, friends of freedom, I would urge,  
(Much as I may deplore this cruel scourge  
Still stains your land), that ye the sword should draw  
Against your brethren;—may that blessed law,  
Which binds thy States in one confederate band,  
The rudest shock of discord still withstand. (1)  
Let not thy fields be stained by civil war,  
The direst ill which man on man can draw;  
Still strive in peace that evil to remove,  
And leave the issue to the God of Love.

Farewell, Columbia! This my parting prayer—  
That all whose hearts the Saxon blood may share,  
May live in peace, and harmony, and love,



And only strive each other to improve.

“And now my humble muse would spread her wing,

“Softly where Britain courts the eastern spring,

“Where every peasant boasts his rights to scan,

“And learns to venerate himself as man.”

Land of the Free, where floats on every gale

An air too pure for slavery to inhale,—

The darkest slave that e’er left Afric’s shore,

Once touch thy soil and he’s a slave no more,—

Spurning alike his master and his chain,

And praising God, he stands erect again.

True he may feel the doom of man, for there

Of thorns and thistles earth must have its share ;

And he, alas ! may daily learn to know

Man’s bread is bought by labour of his brow ;

But still, however scanty be his fare,

He proudly feels no lordly master dare

Against the freeman raise his cruel hand,

Nor threat the lash shall fall at his command.

“True, he may see some palace raise its head,

“To shame the meanness of his humble shed,—

“And costly lords the sumptuous banquet deal,

“To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;”

Yet even then, the soothing thought delights,

That all around are bless’d with equal rights,—

The proud man’s castle, and the poor man’s cot—

However different may be their lot,

This consolation may the owners draw

That both may claim the care of England’s Law.

And tho’ the brawling demagogue declare—

All are entitled to an equal share

Of this world’s goods—he knows the task were vain

To strive such dangerous doctrine to maintain.

Enough for him, that on fair freedom’s soil

Each may enjoy the fruit of his own toil ;

This England’s boast—her equal laws secure

Alike the property of rich and poor,—

Altho’, as erst her sweetest bard confessed—

“Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.”

In that blest land, may order long prevail,

And vainly may the demagogue assail

That glorious fabric, which, from age to age,

Has been improved by statesman and by sage ;  
Still vainly strive to part the Church and State  
And from their stations drive the good and great ;  
Long may all orders in the realm be seen  
To join in prayer for our beloved Queen.  
May every virtue which adorns a throne,  
Victoria's royal bosom ever own,  
And all that could an humbler station grace,  
Glow in her breast and beam upon her face.  
Her God to honour and Her people bless,  
Be the first wishes which her heart possess !  
May She of those insidious wiles beware,  
And guard her subjects from the dangerous snare,  
With which Rome strives the heedless to entrap.  
And once more seat them in its dangerous lap.  
May those fair Isles which own her gentle sway,  
Never again the Papal power obey.  
Could Erin's gallant sons be once released  
From the debasing tyranny of priests,  
And stand erect in Erin's fertile Isle,  
Then peace and plenty round each cot would smile ;  
No longer bowing down to Priest or Pope,  
But on the Saviour placing all their hope,—  
Learning His will from His most Holy Word,  
From which, alas ! they've been so long debarred.  
Then Celt and Saxon kneeling at one shrine,  
Would offer up joint prayers for thee and thine,  
And the deluders and deluded share  
The supplication of that earnest prayer. (2).

Be it the love of power, or love of pelf,  
That prompts the priest to turn upon himself  
That reverence which to God alone is due,  
Oh ! may that gracious God his heart renew !  
Reclaim him from the error of his ways,  
To teach his flock their God alone to praise,  
Nor longer pour the ill-directed prayer  
To Saints, who once were fellow-sinners here !  
Would their warm hearts to that pure Church were led,  
Which owns Victoria as its temporal head,  
Whose beauteous liturgy a prayer provides  
For all the ills which human life betides,  
In that plain language which all understand,

Throughout the length and breadth of Britain's land !  
Over that Church may Sumner long preside,  
His precepts teach, and his example guide  
Prelate and priest God's Sacred Word to search,  
Nor for the Saviour substitute the Church.

Daughter of Edward ! such the warm desire  
Of one who knew and loved thy Royal Sire !  
What tho' his martial discipline was stern  
Himself submitted to each rule in turn,—  
But when from his stern duties he sought rest,  
No kinder heart ere beat in human breast,—  
No tale of woe was poured in Edward's ear,  
But ever found a ready listener there :—  
Witness, when down his manly cheek the tear  
Flowed freely, Thomas, on thy mournful bier ; (3).  
Witness, when that sad catalogue of grief,  
Which overpowered thee, Goldsmith sought relief,  
How readily he did relief extend,  
And to thy dying hour remained thy friend.  
Long were the tale to tell of all the good,  
Which from that royal hand so freely flowed.

Tho' fourscore years have cooled my youthful blood,  
Thanks to the gracious Giver of all good  
I still, in age, His mercies can enjoy,—  
Still, in His service, would my hours employ.  
With friends, and family, and plenty, blest,  
And waiting calmly, till I sink to rest  
In those kind arms, where sinners seek repose  
When all life's anxious cares in death shall close.  
Oft on my early years does memory dwell,  
Reminding me of one I loved so well,—  
Thy faults, thy virtues, rising to my mind,  
Nor to the one nor to the other blind,—  
I bring this tribute from the shrine of truth,—  
To Thee, the Friend and Patron of my youth.



## NOTES.

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### (1.)

ALTHOUGH I infinitely prefer the construction of society in England to that which prevails in America, and think that respect for those who are born to high station quite consistent with manly self-respect in those who pay it, while it generally stimulates those who receive it to cultivate the high and honorable feelings which dignify our race and extend their influence to all classes of society, I am not so blinded by my attachment to the noble institutions of my own country, as to be insensible to what is admirable and praiseworthy elsewhere.

The circumstances under which civilized succeeded to savage life in America, precluded the establishment of an order of nobility there; and any attempt to introduce one, either at the termination of the Revolutionary War, or at any time before or since, would have been impracticable and absurd.

If America were cut off from all communication with the rest of the civilized world, she would feel the want of such an order very sensibly, and would probably find that she had purchased her plethoric liberty at the expense of the loss of most of the refinements of life:—but that communication has ever subsisted. The ocean, so far from dividing mankind from each other, now rapidly facilitates their intercourse; and though separate governments will probably long continue to exist, man is daily becoming more familiarised with man and each country may borrow from the other much of good, and alas! much of evil too.

Viewing, then, the American Confederation, without reference to my predilections as a British subject, and considering the circumstances under which it was formed, I cannot but entertain great respect for those who framed it. It was a noble attempt to regulate social intercourse and to increase social happiness, with the slightest possible interference with individual liberty, and I heartily wish them success in the great experiment which they are trying—to preserve and diffuse the principles of self-government throughout the extensive region over which they now exercise some authority. Difficulties, great difficulties, they unquestionably have to encounter, and as their numbers increase, these difficulties, it may be feared, will increase with them; the turbulent and the lawless may require a stronger force than law to control them, and that force may clothe the ambitious with power to violate liberty. But let them not despond,—they are growing up under their institutions, and may learn to enlarge or contract the power of those who govern as circumstances may require. Much, oh! how much, is involved in the

preservation of that Confederation. While it subsists, the conflicting interests of the different States will continue to be the subject of discussion in the national and state Councils, and the dread appeal to the sword will not desolate the fertile fields of North America, and spread misery there, as it has lately done among the families of Europe. I envy not that man his feelings, who can look upon the result of this experiment of self-government, which so many millions of our Saxon brethren are making, without wishing them success. Would that Europe could secure its inhabitants against the recurrence of the horrors of war, by some institution similar to that of the American Confederation. But of that, alas! there is little prospect. America has my best wishes for the perservation of her Congress,—not for the good that it has done, but for the evil that it may prevent.

Independent of those generous feelings which human beings should feel for the welfare of the human race, Britons may contemplate the prosperity and unexampled progress of America with some glow of pride. From us they have inherited their love of freedom and their spirit of enterprise,—from us they learnt to reconcile the preservation of order with the preservation of liberty,—and though with them, as with the manly race from whom they are descended, order is sometimes endangered,

“ And by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled,  
Ferments arise, contending factions roar,  
Repressed ambition struggles round the shore,  
'Till overwrought, the general system feels  
Its motions stop—or phrenzy fire the wheels.”\*

Yet, when the danger appears imminent, the friends of order, in both countries, somehow regain their influence and preserve their institutions. To what is this owing, but to that combination of the love of freedom and order, which pervades both countries to a greater extent than it can be found elsewhere? Prior to the revolution, each of the thirteen Colonies possessed a constitution, as similar as circumstances would permit, to that of the Mother Country,—and the Colonies were accustomed to self-government. Subsequent to the Revolution, they retained the same forms, though the source of power was transferred from the Crown to the People, Yet, notwithstanding this important change, the love of freedom, that it in some measure rendered exorbitant, did not annihilate the love of order, which had previously co-existed with it, although the latter occasionally received some rude shocks. It still, however, exists, and exercises much influence throughout the Continent of North America. A remarkable instance of this occurred in the recent settlement of California—where the gold mines attracted a crowd of lawless, reckless men, whose atrocities soon astounded all who heard of them. It was generally supposed that nothing but a military force could have reduced such a set of miscreants to any approach to order,—but in much less time than could have been supposed possible, civil tribunals were established, and gradually extended protection to life and property, without the intervention of military power.

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\* Goldsmith's Traveller.



While every attempt that foreigners have made in Europe and South America to imitate our Institutions, has hitherto proved abortive, we see our descendants in North America extending our language and our laws from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Ought not, then, the parent to be proud of the child—and the child to be proud of the parent? May the demon of discord fail in every effort to tempt the Anglo-Saxon race to draw their swords upon each other.

## (2.)

Yes? Let our prayers, our earnest prayers be offered up for our deluded fellow subjects who still profess the Religion of the Church of Rome. There are some who think that Religion is not a term that should be applied to that Church—but I am not of that number. Amongst its members have ever been found men whose doctrines and whose deeds evinced that they were real Christians; and I trust there are many, at this hour, who look through the mummery of its forms, and the multitude of its Saints, to that Saviour through whom alone cometh salvation. But this is not the general tendency of the teaching of the Church of Rome; the truths of the Gospel have been gradually overlaid with so many forms and ceremonies, some harmless and some hurtful, and it accords so much more with the feelings of our fallen nature, to prefer superstitious rites to pure, spiritual worship, that the great mass of her members, particularly the lower classes, rest in these forms alone. To them vital religion is a stranger; they place the safety of their souls in the safe keeping of the Priest, and deem that a rigid compliance with the dictates of the Church may be substituted for that purity of heart and practice which Christianity enjoins. The power of the Priest over those who labor under this delusion is unlimited, and greatly endangers civil as well as religious liberty.

Let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls that, in these enlightened days, there is no risk of our becoming again subject to the tyranny and torture of the dark ages. Rome still grasps eagerly at power. Witness the daring act by which England was divided into Papal Sees? Look at the Concordat between the Pope and the Emperor of Austria, which places the Protestant subjects of the Emperor at the mercy of Papal tribunals! And suppose not that we are secure because we have our own Representatives to protect us from such an outrage. It was asserted, many years ago, in the *Quarterly Review*, that the power of Popes and Priests might become more dangerous under a Representative Government, than it had ever yet been; that, while Kings and Princes were the depositaries of civil power, Rome courted them, and ruled through them. But Kings and Princes were not all equally submissive, and sometimes contended successfully for the preservation of their rights. But, when authority emanated from the masses, the Priests would no longer court, but command; and it would remain for them to dictate to their deluded followers who should be selected for our lawgivers, and what laws such lawgivers should make. Do we not see symp-

toms of a realization of this prediction on both sides of the Atlantic ?

These observations are made with no spirit of hostility to my Roman Catholic fellow-subjects ; for their sakes as well as our own, I wish they were liberated from the thralldom which endangers both. They do not appear aware of the immunity they enjoy where the civil power is in the hands of Protestants. They may slavishly submit, if they choose, to the dictation of their Priests, in all matters civil and religious, but they cannot be *compelled* to do so. Should the spirit of enquiry be raised in them, they may open a Bible without being consigned to a dungeon for so doing ; or, if they think the candidate for whom the Priest orders them to vote not so well qualified as his opponent, they may exercise their franchise as they may judge best. Whether they or we may be allowed either privilege, if the Priests directly or indirectly unite all civil and religious power in themselves, admits of little doubt. Dungeons, as dark and deep as those in which the Madai were incarcerated, can be sunk whenever priestly power prevails. They have been emancipated by Protestant Legislatures from all civil disabilities, and never again may Protestants attempt to secure their own religious liberty by violating that of others. Never more may recourse be had to penal statutes, which can have no other effect upon high-minded men than to raise a spirit of resistance, and make them cling closer to a cause which, while so assailed, they would deem it dishonorable to desert. But should not all the friends of vital Christianity, however they may differ upon minor points, unite to aid the efforts that are now making to enlighten our Roman Catholic brethren, and convince them of the dangerous errors of the Church of Rome, by circulating the Scriptures among them in the language they understand ? The Priests will doubtless use every art to counteract this pious effort, for their own power must fall before an open Bible. But let us trust that prayer and perseverance will overcome all difficulties, and that the blessing of God will finally rest upon those who give and those who take His holy Word.

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(3.)

Lieutenant Thomas was the son of a respectable loyalist, who, by the recommendation of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, obtained a commission in the Royal Fusiliers. He possessed much of His Royal Highness's confidence and esteem, and was well worthy of it. While in command of a party in search of deserters, the accidental discharge of a brother Officer's pistol gave him a wound which occasioned his death. His Royal Highness was affected even to tears, when informed of the melancholy event.

Poor Goldsmith,—nephew of Oliver, and son of Henry,—to whom "The Traveller" was addressed, had served with credit, during the American Revolution, in the 54th regiment. He was a warm-hearted Irishman, and had formed an inconsiderate marriage with a lady of great beauty but no money, and, on the termination of the war, felt it necessary to sell his commission, and devoted what remained of the money it produced, after payment of his debts, to the erection

of mills in New Brunswick, which, with his energy and perseverance would have afforded a comfortable maintenance for himself and family; but, just as he had completed an expensive dam, he unfortunately fell upon a broad axe, and received a desperate wound, which confined him to his bed for weeks. In the absence of the master's eye the work was neglected, and the autumnal rains swept away the dam before it was completed and rendered secure, as it would have been but for this untimely accident. Upon his recovery he set to work with great energy to rebuild the dam. Scarcely was it completed when the mill took fire, it was reduced to ashes, and he was reduced to ruin.

When these accumulated misfortunes reached the Duke's ear, although the sufferer was a stranger to him, the tale went to his heart. He sent for him to Halifax—found him ready and willing to exert himself to the utmost in any honest way—appointed him, first, an assistant Engineer in the works then going on here, and, subsequently, procured for him an appointment in the Commissariat which gave him a comfortable subsistence, and befriended him throughout his life.

Indeed, it was an admirable trait in His Royal Highness's character, that, unless compelled by their misconduct, he never forsook any whom he had befriended. He was lenient even to their faults, unless they involved a breach of military discipline—there he was ever strict.





